The Bystander, August 30, 1916.—No. 665. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

Official Photograph *Topical Press*

"TO MAKE A KING LAUGH"

His Majesty describing to the King of the Belgians some amusing incident experienced in the captured German trenches

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

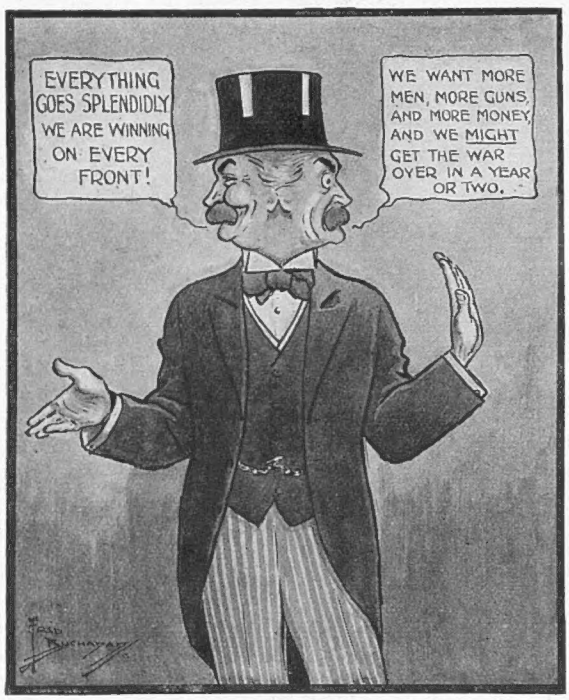
The Fighting Briton

WHEN your average Briton is in for a fight, he is not inclined to worry much what the fight is about until it's over. While it's on, he's more interested in the actual proceedings. Suppose, however, that while those proceedings were taking place his opponent were to continue ejaculating between blows and kicks a series of accusations against the private character and honour of himself—accusing him, for instance, of murdering his great-grandmother and burying her in sections, or of boiling alive the offspring of his twenty-seventh wife—the boldest of pugilists might well want to have an interval in order to ascertain exactly what the other fellow was raving about.

❋ ❋

The Enemy's Delusions

IF you're fighting a man in a straight quarrel over a matter of principle, you don't want the issue obscured, and if he is under some delirious delusion as to your motives for fighting him, you have a strong desire to put him right as a prelude to resuming his pulverisation. Ever since the war—which Britons entered out of obligations of honour towards Belgium and of chivalry towards France — the Germans have been saying, between blows and kicks, that we entered it for quite different reasons. They allege that there was some "treachery" or other, for one thing; for another, that we actually planned and provoked the war for our own greed of gain. Since it has been going on, they have added to these charges others, which they sum up in the mystic word "Baralong"—which to most Britons is about as explicit as Mumbo-Jumbo or Hoola-Boola.



THE OPTI-PESSIMIST

❋ ❋

"Theirs Not To Reason Why"

THIS kind of thing is, frankly, disconcerting. The young Briton marching out to France, or Salonica, or Egypt, or Mesopotamia, is going where he is sent, and intends to fight as, how, when, and where he is ordered to fight, with all the traditional bravery of his race. A glance at his open, honest, jovial face is enough to acquit him of any charge of treachery, blood-lust, greed or barbarism. More than that, it is enough to acquit him of any knowledge whatsoever of the origins of the war at all. He could not, probably, tell you exactly what was the reason why we went to war or repeat one sentence from the terms of the Declaration. So with the average British citizen, on whose head the Germans are attempting to drop bombs out of, they say, revenge for his "treachery," or "barbarism," or "greed," or the aforementioned "Baralong." If the Germans accuse each individual member of the British race of some individual crime of indescribable horror, the nation will continue to fight right enough. But those who watch the general interests of the nation at home, on behalf of those who are fighting abroad, have a right, in such columns as may be open to them, to demand that libellous accusations against our national honour shall be subjected to just the same rebuttal as are offensives at the Front.

❋ ❋

"Treachery"

AT the risk of repeating something said before, I demand that no time shall be lost in dispelling once for all the repeated charges of treachery, barbarity, and cruelty levelled by the Germans against our nation, and used by them as an excuse for singling us out from the rest of the Allies for specially illegal and criminal outrage. It was because of our "treachery," so called, that our earliest prisoners of war were subjected to special indignities and privations. It is because of the "Baralong"—so they say—that Zeppelins drop bombs on undefended places and destroy innocent lives.

❋ ❋

Whose?

WHOSE was the "treachery"? Not that of the British people, of the British Parliament, or, as a whole, of the British Cabinet. If any High Personages in Germany had been given reason to believe that we should not go to war in defence of France or Belgium, who were those persons, and what were the words in which they pledged our neutrality? No Briton objects to being slaughtered on the field of battle in a just quarrel; but he has a strong prejudice against being butchered in his bed, or of having his wife and family blown to

(Continued on page 354)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 353)

pieces because Lord Somebody whispered something or other at some time or another into the ear of the Grand Duke von Donner und Blitzen, or because Lady Tom Noddy, at Kiel Regatta, winked at Prince zu Potstausend.

❋ ❋

The "Greed" Delusion

As to the "greed" accusation, it was from this country that came the "Great Illusion" theory of Mr. Norman Angell—the illusion that war can ever be a means of profit—and it was well-known in Germany that no man in Europe was more influenced by the "Norman Angell" of the pre-war days than the then Sir Edward Grey. As for the rest of the then Cabinet, there being not a single business man among them, the idea of their seeking war as a means of profit is too grotesque. The idea that our citizen soldiers, who voluntarily left homes and occupations, and gave up all in order to fight, went out to the trenches of desolate Flanders, of barren Gallipoli, or the Mesopotamian deserts, to "make a bit" is—well, what is the German for drivelling idiocy?

❋ ❋

The "Baralong" Libel

As to the "Baralong" affair, which is nowadays used by the Germans as a sort of universal passport to all forms of outrage, what is the "Baralong" affair—I mean, what is *the truth* about the "Baralong" affair? Like Miss Rosa Dartle, one asks for information. We read that the Germans alleged that the crew of the *Baralong* had subjected captured submarine crews to certain treatment which the Germans regarded as barbarous. Doubtless, if such treatment were meted out, it was richly deserved by the miscreant murderers of innocent sea-passengers. But was the behaviour of the crew in accordance with international law, or was it not? If it was, then why in the name of all the gods not proclaim it accordingly? If by mischance it was not, and there is any kind of justification for any single one of the German charges, why not do the right thing, and subject to disciplinary treatment those who were guilty?

Photograph *Lafayette*

HEIR TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

The Marquis of Blandford who has just been gazetted a Second-Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards

❋ ❋

Why No?

One has seen it unofficially stated that the really guilty parties were not British sailors at all. Is that true, or is it not? If sailors other than British, in the passion of the moment, behaved as they should not have behaved, then let the facts be known. It is plain enough that the German people, and the German Government, are still under the impression that their U boatmen were inhumanly treated on the *Baralong* by *British* sailors. If this is a libel, why cannot it be denounced and disproved?

❋ ❋

If

I remember that our Foreign Office offered to submit the affair to arbitration on condition that the Germans submitted certain transactions of their own to the same process. But that is not good enough for the British public. If we did wrong—I say *if*, not believing that we did—then it is not for us to place ourselves on a level with the Huns by offering to appear on equal terms with them before a tribunal: it is for us to deal with our own wrong-doers, if any, in our own way, if only in order to set the example.

(Continued on page 356)

Photograph *Lafayette, Glasgow*

CELEBRITIES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE LATE LORD ROBERTS IN GLASGOW

Front Row Sitting, Left to Right: The Marquis of Ailsa, Lady Hunter, the Duke of Montrose, the Marchioness of Ailsa, General Sir Ian Hamilton, Countess Roberts, the Lord Provost of Glasgow (Sir Thomas Dunlop), the Duchess of Montrose, the Earl of Derby, Lady Dunlop (wife of Sir Thomas), Viscount French of Ypres, Lady Ian Hamilton. Back Row standing, right to left: Mrs. McConnell, the Rev. Mr. McGibbon (minister of Glasgow Cathedral), Mrs. McGibbon, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Millar (daughter of Lord Provost Inches), the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Sir Robert Inches), General Sir Spencer Ewart, K.C.B., Brigadier-General Lowther, C.V.O., C.B., the Marquis of Granby, Bailie Smith (senior magistrate), Colonel Lavita, C.B., M.V.O., Lady MacEwen, and Mr. J. S. Samuel (Secretary to the Lord Provost of Glasgow)

Alas! Poor Gilbert—We Knew Him Well

A FILBERT OF INFINITE JEST, OF MOST EXCELLENT FANCY

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the Palace in a roar?"

IN MEMORIAM

Basil Hallam, erstwhile "Gilbert the Filbert," now one of the fallen heroes of the fight, in which "Filberts" have covered themselves with glory

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 354)

Rumourtism

VISCOUNT FRENCH says that he "never heard a more ridiculous rumour prevail than that the Government did not want the Volunteers." We did. It was the rumour—circulated about eighteen months ago—that the Government *did* want them.

⁂ ⁂

Official Recognition

PEOPLE who like to make a note of the gradual development of new ideas and practices can put a star against the month of August under the section labelled "Cinematograph." Never before have "the movies"—really the expression "pictures" is too misleading and silly to deserve the immortality of a BYSTANDER comment—occupied such a prominent position in public life. The wonderful, terrible record of the Somme battle and the ill-fated plan to film a Cabinet Council have given them an official dignity that is quite new.

⁂ ⁂

Muddled Before and—

AND what a lot of nonsense has been written about the whole matter! One might really think that there was something essentially different between a cinematograph photograph and any other kind! Why it should be undignified to show Mr. Asquith actually turning over the pages of a book in Downing Street when everybody is accustomed to see him sitting still and looking at one, it is logically impossible to understand. But human nature is not logical, and the premature disclosure of the plan ruined it. If the result had been sprung upon the public ready-made it would have been very popular. It was probably the idea of rehearsals and so on that put people off. Social prejudice against acting and the actor is not yet dead by any means.

SAUCE FOR THE PROPAGANDERS

Some of the Worcesters who, with the Wiltshires, in spite of some peppering by the enemy, repulsed with heavy losses the determined assault of the Prussian Guard near Thiepval last week

⁂ ⁂

—After

NOW about the Somme pictures there was no question of rehearsals, so nobody had a word to say against them on the score of intrinsic dignity or any other trumped-up abstraction. True, there is a feeling on one side that the idea of turning the war into a gladiatorial show is repugnant, but, then, there is a feeling on the other hand that the film is doing a lot of good in bringing the meaning of the war home to the unimaginative. Everybody, however, is agreed that the exhibition of such ghastly records of the trials and sufferings of our own kith and kin should not have been a kind of sandwich between the buffoonery of Chaplin and the sentimental inanity of . . . . well, let us be discreet! Perhaps it was unavoidable, but the result remains equally disastrous, equally reminiscent of the Grand Guignol at its worst. So in our first important official dealings with one of the powers of the future we have muddled badly—in one case before the event, in the other after.

⁂ ⁂

Basil Hallam

POOR Basil Hallam! To the public no one better typified the London of before the war, and no one has better proved that all the bitter, sarcastic things said about that same London were largely undeserved. Pessimists and moralists and *tutti quanti* have an incurable habit of arguing from false premises. They saw that London danced, that London stayed up late, that London enjoyed itself. Then, because they disliked all these things, they labelled them decadent. Therefore London was decadent. *Q.E.D.*, etc., etc.! Excess, no doubt, there was, but when a man suffers from indigestion it is wise to feed him judiciously, not to starve him to death—or furious reaction.

⁂ ⁂

Women Preachers

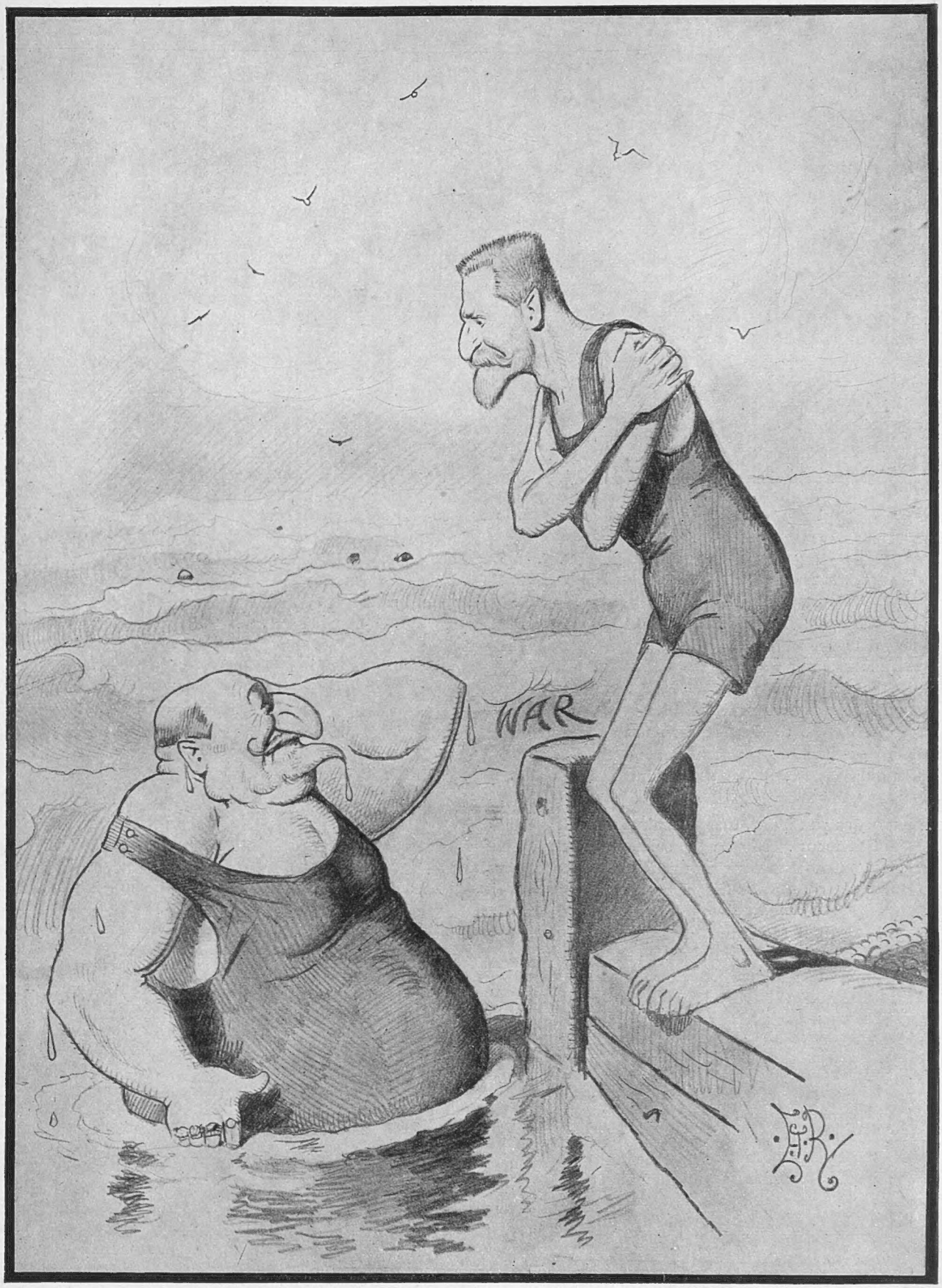
WHICH latter, according to some people who might know, is likely to be one of the results of the Church Militant here in London. One would have thought that after the not by any means brilliant success of the Anglican Church during the war and the recent ridiculous, cobwebbed discussion as to whether women (so long as they stood neither in the pulpit nor behind the lectern nor on the chancel steps, because that, of course, would be too terrible to contemplate) might address other women in church, the ecclesiastical Powers-That-Be might do worse than address a mission of Repentance, and perhaps even Hope, to themselves and their clergy. And yet there are some such admirable parsons! It is hard luck on them.

⁂ ⁂

The U.S. and War Profits

MR. SYDNEY BROOKS wrote a letter to the *Daily Express* the other day which deserves as wide a publicity as possible. He pointed out that, contrary to what most people here seem to imagine, not everybody and everything in the United States is raking in the dollars hand over fist owing to the war. Even some of the munition-contractors, he says, have not done particularly well. It is a good thing this has been said. Among a certain section of the public here there has been growing up a half-petty, half-jealous tendency to carp at the States on the ground that they profit by the war. It is silly. We also profited by the last great war in which we remained neutral—viz., in 1870. And anyone who tries to raise unnecessary feeling between us and the States is worse than a knave; he is a fool.

Going-Out and Coming-In



FERDY OF BULGARIA (to Roumania): "What's it like? All I know is I shan't forget it in a hurry!! It's all very well for you. You've waited till you knew what the tide was doing—I didn't!!!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"And I've seen the most indestructibly prim unbend before this last most irresistible onslaught"

LONDON, *August* 28, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

WE'VE got the war on the film now. So what with the pictures, *and* the wounded everywhere, *and* the perfectly appalling price of everything (you're lucky in England now if you get twelve shillings' worth for your sovereign) it really looks as if we'll all start realising quite soon now that there's a war on. Also that it's *because* our men are fighting and falling for us so gallantly that we *can* go to the pictures and theatres and the seaside—in fact, do practically every single thing we ever did, very nearly just the same as ever.

* *

NOT, as you know, that I think it'll be altogether bad for us. Nor do the soldier-men, either, it seems. "Go on cheering us up, Blanche, and go on showing the pleasure-as-usual people how very nasty they are," is a request I've just received from two of them back from the Front. Which was pleasant to hear. Because I'd once or twice been rather afraid that perhaps one had been a little down on the pleasurers-as-usual. And the very last thing I want to do ever is to seem to sit in judgment on anyone, anyway.

* *

TAKES all sorts to make a world, of course. Just because for some of us it's impossible *not* to realise all war means and not to be moved and distressed at its results it doesn't follow, does it, that there's anything particularly wrong with the ones who are really rather *enjoying* than otherwise this most terrible of wars—at any rate, until it actually touches them? They're just made that way, and I suppose really one ought to envy them. But somehow one doesn't.

* *

BY the way, it's rather a sweet thing in war literature—"The Hun Hunters; or, Cautionary Tales from the Trenches," which these same two officers send me, very kindly and charmingly, "as a very little return for the pleasure you've given us." It's quite one of the best things yet in the way of unserious war verse, written, as the authors say, on the principle "Laugh at yourself and carry on." There is the story of—

Sergeant Tombs,
Who used to play about with Bombs.

He'd come into the Mess at night
With little sticks of Dynamite.

And pass around the Wet Canteen
Samples of Nitro-Glycerine.

With the inevitable result that in time, of course:

. . . Bits of Sergeant Tombs were seen
Falling like rain at Walham Green.

* *

ANOTHER mournful tale with a moral is of an officer more valorous than discreet:

Temporary Lieutenant Moss
Would sit upon the Parados;

Or if the afternoon were wet,
He walked along the Parapet.

"Oh! pray!" the Sergeant-Major cried,
"Oh! pray, Lieutenant, come inside!

You would not thus yourself expose if
You'd seen the effect of High Explosive."

But all remonstrance was in vain. And—

They showed their grief in various fashions,
And then divided up his Rations.

There is a word or two about the Higher Commands:

Generals are chosen, I am told,
For being very, very old.

And as for the Brass Hats, who are fair game, of course:

Theirs are the brains that guide the sword,
Plan and control, and 'pon my word,

I think when all is said and done
Their life's a very pleasant one!

They drive about in handsome cars,
And sit for simply hours and hours. . . .

With some sweet pictures—the sort of nice childlike humour that does us good in war-time, when everything's so awful, and one daren't even think of all the waste and the horror of it, and all the suffering.

⁂ ⁂

And very British, too. As an officer wrote last week, after watching the cars of wounded come in hot from the fray, "a few hours before they had swung past with a smile on their faces and a song on their lips, the picture of life and energy. And now they come out again, maimed and stained. . . . Sad, pathetic, ghastly! Yes, it would be but for one thing, and that something so gloriously British. All the horrors of the fight and all the agony of their wounds have not broken their spirits or taken the smile from their faces and the cheery words from their lips.

⁂ ⁂

"They are magnificent, even more so in their weakness as they're brought in than in their strength as they went out. No complaints, no peevishness, no regrets. It strikes the onlooker as something more than human, and he feels that there is something almost divine in a race that can produce such men as these from factory and office, field and market-place."

"The woman who smiles and looks beautiful will always take precedence"

⁂ ⁂

Hardly surprising, is it, if we do spoil them just a little bit when they're brought home again? And there's no denying that we do. The wearers of the hospital blue can conjure smiles to the coldest lips by just merely smiling too. And I've seen the most indestructibly prim unbend before this last most irresistible onslaught.

⁂ ⁂

Dour dowagers, women who don't really "approve" of men—you know, don't care for them about the house because they want square meals and crumple the chair covers and splash in the bath—positively wave when a 'busload of brightly beckoning wounded pass along. And, of course, as a form of informal introduction there's absolutely no beating it—that particular kind of blue, I mean.

⁂ ⁂

And as for the wounded officers, I have yet to meet the female thing who can refuse *them* anything. Really dreadfully bad for them, of course, 'specially now men are at such a shocking premium. They're simply loving it, naturally, and what's been amusing women so much is that with wounds the dear things are such good patients. When one remembers the *fusses* they made with a slight toothache or a touch of liver!

⁂ ⁂

Of course, if you've just got a nasty cold, or chicken-pox, or something spotty, all Blighty's best, in their best, don't fall over themselves rushing around with flowers and The Bystander and love and kisses for you. It's quite another story when—

> Gashed with honourable scars,
> Low in glory's lap they lie;
> Though they fell, they fell like stars,
> Streaming splendour through the sky.

⁂ ⁂

Indeed, such is the rush to comfort and cheer that they're harder at work than ever keeping 'em off the grass, so to speak, or, in other words, being very strict about the only-one-visitor-a-man-a-day rule in hospitals. And I suppose we don't hear of more marriages arranged between patients and nurses because, for one thing, it's an *embarras de richesse*—why pick out one charmer in particular when there are dozens all equally kind and fair?

⁂ ⁂

For another, when she's all dressed-up with somewhere to go (and someone to take her there), Nursie, it's well-known, doesn't look half so nice, even if she thinks she does, as in cap and apron, with charms suggested rather than displayed. You have to be running your own hospital, don't you, to even dream of wearing a low neck with uniform?

⁂ ⁂

Which last, the nurse's uniform, I mean, is unfailing in its appeal to that child among us which is man. Suggests meekness and that sort of thing for a start, and other "womanly" virtues, to the uninitiated, anyway—the average man isn't really keen, you know, on actually *marrying* the abandoned and audacious minx he dances so very freely with at Bliro's.

(Continued on page 360)

"There are tons of them living the healthy life"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 359)

MEN are so extraordinarily susceptible to appearances, aren't they? As someone's written somewhere, the average man bends as readily to beauty as a flower sways on the wind or the sea to the touch of the moon. Beauty's only skin deep, as the solemn ones say, but that's quite enough for anyone—any man, anyway. And it was all very well for Solomon to talk about a virtuous woman's price being above rubies. He didn't have to live all the time only with virtue, did he? It may be, as has been said, one of the injustices of life, but the woman who smiles and looks beautiful will always take precedence in a man's heart over the assiduous purchaser of cabbages.

❋ ❋

THE war may spoil things in some ways, but it has done one thing—greatly tempered the peace-time ghastliness of London in August and August in London. Short leave, what there is of it, is too short for anything but town, generally, and instead of the usual desert, Pall Mall's nearly as busy and be-tabbed as ever about lunch-time—handsome old Brass Hats—

With tabs of red upon their breasts
And even on their undervests.

trotting along, sherry-and-bitters in the offing and a Time-was-when-Love-and-I-were-well-acquainted look in their eyes, and those poor Marlborough House sentries fairly dizzy with all the saluting.

❋ ❋

THERE are about twenty new plays and revues coming on—half a dozen first nights this week. And the Park's a great place for convalescent heroes to take their morning constitutional in—also such Pekes as haven't accompanied their war-worn missises up to Scotland or Harrogate. And the Bond Street shops aren't wearing that depressing tweedy, heathery, holiday look they always used to, sure as eggs was eggs, in August. And the Savoy and the Piccadilly, Carlton and places just as full as ever, or nearly.

"Generals are chosen, I am told,
for being very, very old—"

❋ ❋

WHERE, by the way, at lunch the other day the Senior Service members of the party told us that one more big, big sea fight at least was due for certain, and also that we didn't half do for the Huns' light cruisers in the last one. And lots more, *much* more interesting things, only, of course, the old Censor won't let me tell you those—as well as the tale of the raft.

❋ ❋

IT was after the big Jutland show. A party of German sailors and a party of our men had managed to scramble on to a raft together, at opposite ends, and both sides were having a terrific mental struggle making up their minds whether they ought to go for each other when a British cruiser hove along and picked up the lot. It was a great relief for them all—Huns included.

APROPOS of the horrid Hun, they seem extremely well and cheerful—all the prisoners from the last push over here now. Down Dorchester way there are tons of them living the healthy life behind barbed wire, certainly, but with nothing to do if they don't want to work, and the soft lovely air of the beautiful Thomas Hardy country making short work of any hurts or privations they might have suffered in Flanders.

❋ ❋

AS to their type, they seemed to me to be much the same as the men of the same class in England, only, perhaps, of clumsier build and with thicker heads and less intelligent faces. They also are great on "girls," it seems, for they leer and make eyes at Dorset's daughters, who, to their credit, are very unresponsive. Those who will work get *2d.* an hour as wages, I believe—quite good, of course, as German ideas of pay go, but I don't know how they'd manage if they had to do any living on it.

❋ ❋

TALKING of the last Push, in a quiet way there are some very striking impressions of it in the last number of the *Outpost*, the magazine of the 17th Highland L.I. It's all been written, as they say, to the accompaniment of bomb, battery and bullet, and by those who've been in the dreadful thick of it, and since they sent me the last number the H.L.I., alas! have suffered terrible losses. Like so many other dear and splendid boys, the battalion went over the top on that fateful 1st of July "in a spirit worthy of Scotland's best traditions, walking into action as steadily as if it had been on the parade ground."

❋ ❋

"IT was terrible—yet glorious," one who went over with them says of it. "Not a man faltered. Inspired by the noblest patriotism the boys were absolutely dauntless. There was something that lifted one above the horror of the thing at the time, although later was to come a sickening realisation of the terrible loss and sacrifice of the flower of the world's manhood."

❋ ❋

AND in the middle of this fine chronicle of the splendid deeds they've done, the dear things thank me so nicely for acknowledging their last number, and say they're coming along "in column of route to kiss you, dear—would you mind? Just one." It's a lovely picture, isn't it?—the gallant Seventeenth, while the pipes play "A Wee Scotch Melody," marching along "in column of route" to salute me. And I'm very deeply touched and very highly honoured. But I think I'll resign *my* part to all those bonnie Scots lassies who've waited so long and anxiously. I don't want to get into trouble.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Trouville 1916

THE FEMININE FEATURE AS USUAL, BUT——

Trouville, by the German programme, should long ere this have been in German hands, but other and comelier limbs still hold their sway at the famous bathing resort. The male portion of the community—so far as there is any—is of the convalescent wounded variety

The Furious Forties

WHAT MIDDLE-AGE IS DOING FOR THE MORAL OF THE NATION

By "DOWNWRITER"

A GREAT load lifted itself off what I am pleased to call my mind when the Prime Minister announced that nothing was doing in the matter of conscripting men of over forty-one. Let me rush frantically to stop you from thinking that I am myself in the ranks of those who would have been affected by the order. I'm not; so there! and I am not called upon to say any more on the subject. No, it is not personal, but strictly patriotic, reasons that cause the lifting of said load off said mind. I trembled for the future of the War, for the future of the Empire, if such a thing were to be done as to carry Conscription into the Forties.

THAT the Army would gain physically by so doing is undoubted. The average man of from forty to forty-five, though he may fail at the New Army test, would do much of the principal work at the Front—during the lulls, anyway—as well as, and better than, his juniors. In the use of "langwidge," he will leave his junior behind. Endurance of drearily volcanic conditions of life will be easy to him, in view of the fact that he is, usually, a married man. At long route marches he might fail, but I understand at the actual Front such marches are, nowadays, rarely enjoyed: even if they were, your man of forty or so is, as a general rule, a far better walker than the lad of twenty.

THE actual fighting army loses heavily by the P.M.'s decision, but the Army's loss is the country's gain. The retention of the Forties in civil life means—victory! Of that I am sure. For the man in the Forties, in *moral*, leaves the other decades nowhere. Never in the history of the world has patriotism been written up as the Forties have written up that of England during the last two years. Whereas Youth goes out to batter the Boche in good enough humour, Middle Age stays at home to slaughter him (verbally and in writing) with a venom and a violence that is altogether exemplary.

NEARLY all the really able London editors and warlike journalists and leader-writers are in the Forties—or the early fifties (see reference books). Such as are of military age and exempt or medically unfit are notable for the extreme modesty and moderation of their views. It is when you cross the borderline into the fastnesses of the Forties that you become a really terrible fellow with your pen. All those who hearten the nation with their hot words, inspire it with their strategic fantasies, instruct it with their maps and diagrams, are comfortably over military age. Had the P.M. been influenced by certain cries, just think of it! The London Press might have been left to the ministration of the immature, the elderly, or the medically unfit. That bold, vigorous patriotism which seems, somehow, to be the monopoly of the Forties would be engaged in mere *fighting*.

THERE will be super-patriotic people who will say that the "vigorous patriotism" of these editors and journalists ought to be in the proper place—that is, the Army. They will say that it is scandalous that the Forties should sit comfortably at home and write while the equally intelligent Thirties and the chivalrous romantic Twenties are doing all the dirty and all the dangerous and all the bloody work. Why should the ideals of England be represented exclusively in the Press by those who are too old to fight for them? 'Twixt Twenty and Forty is the time of life when character and thought is in process of formation, the time during which anything in a man comes out. At present, say the querulous ones, the voices of these men are silent as the grave to which they march, and all that the world without knows of England is what is said in her name by the middle-aged stay-at-homes.

"EVERY man over Forty is a scoundrel," said somebody unkindly (himself over forty). That is an exaggeration. But what is true is that after Forty a man loses his illusions and a good deal of his spirituality, chivalry, romance, altruism, and generous emotions, and becomes hardened, practical, unscrupulous. A nation voiced by its Forties might appear to the outer world to be a nation devoid of the picturesque qualities. The political ideas of the Forties are settled, generally according to the bread-and-butter of the individual, and when they change, it is usually because of interest rather than principle. The Forties write *to order* infinitely better than the Twenties and Thirties, which are sometimes inclined to kick over the traces and against the pricks.

THE fact that the Forties aren't fighting, too, may cause irritation with some of their utterances. Not because they lack truth, but because they lack local colour and realism. To the absent, silent Twenties and Thirties, the smug, satisfied confidence of the Forties is tiresome. The absent ones fondly believe and hope that victory will crown *their* efforts—not "ours," as spoken of by the Forties—but precisely when, where, and how has still to be settled, and it is resented that remote geographical latitudes should be laid down by those who are comfortably free from all obligation to join in the long and sanguinary journey thither. It might, after all, be the Meuse only—or even the Somme itself—and not the Rhine that saw the scene of the last decisive victory and it might *not* be accompanied by the capture of the All-Highest.

BUT all such plaints are fortunately futile. The Forties are not to be shaken by them, and so long as a drop of ink remains in a solitary Fleet Street inkpot England need not be afraid of a shortage in her supply of literary patriotism. Only a raising of the military age will cause such a calamity, and the Prime Minister, to my intense satisfaction, has saved us from it. Long live Asquith! The Forties For Ever! *Dieu et ma plume!*

King George and the Ex-Dragon (Retired)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES

HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING A GERMAN DUG-OUT

THE KING PASSING BETWEEN TWO LARGE MINE CRATERS NEAR MAMETZ

Official Photographs *Topical*

THE SMILE OF VICTORY

Left to right: General Joffre, President Poincaré, H.M. the King, General Foch, Sir Douglas Haig

The German Dragon has of late been so retiring a beast that one doubts whether it is a Dragon at all. The fifth royal namesake of England's patron saint spent last week in his evacuated lair on the Somme, and his subjects and soldiers will be delighted to see photographic evidence of his recovery of health and spirits

BELLICOSITIES

THE American financial paper which waggishly suggests that "bear movement is still depressing Austrian securities" should not have overlooked the curious fact that, *per contra*, it is Bull movement which is just now spelling slump for Austria's chief partner.

❋

"FOR the purposes of the Ministerial film," says the *Daily Mail*, "a powerful and dazzling light will be thrown upon the members of the Cabinet." And some people caught themselves wishing, for the first time, that Lord Haldane was still in office.

❋

"THE Cabinet Reel," tersely announces a headline. "Drunk with power?" Certainly not. Considering the hard knocks they have had, the only wonder is that they haven't fallen long ago.

❋

A LAMENT is raised by the *Gardener's Magazine* over the recent torpedoing of a steamer carrying a big consignment of French bulbs for England. Our contemporary evidently fails to find any consolation in the fact that all these bulbs were "potted" at a stroke.

❋

RATHER depressing to find that there are enough narrow-minded "prohibitionist" fanatics to produce a petition to Parliament more than eleven miles long. Euclid himself could not have devised a better practical illustration of length without "breadth."

❋

CURIOUS that "a scheme to help our surplus women" should be announced by Mrs. "General" Booth just as the moment when the Bishop of London's scheme to help our "surplice" women seems to have gone awry.

❋

ACCORDING to the authorities in such matters, *panne* is to be the material chiefly used in the fashionable feminine headgear of the immediate future. Note the interesting sequence of events which follows the decline of the pot-hat for men with the rise of the *panne*-hat for women.

❋

THE Emperor Francis Joseph says he is confident that his enemies will be defeated by the fortitude of his troops "and our desire for decisive successes." This is a comfortable theory which seems to promise complete victory for all the combatants.

❋

HOTEL and restaurant servants who have hitherto earned abundant tips by whistling for taxis are unanimous in regarding the new Home Office order as the hardest blow they have ever had.

❋

IT was reported during the week that a well-known life assurance office had decided to secure the services of the medical staff at Mill Hill directly peace is signed. On inquiry, however, at one of the leading offices the manager sent out word to say he didn't think.

"Had a nice quiet day, Nobby?"
"Not 'arf; fact, so quiet you could 'ear a bloomin' shell drop"

A Modern Apollo—

—Tuning His Lyre

The Bystander in Copenhagen

Panic-Stricken Calm

COPENHAGEN is the calmest of neutral cities visited by the wandering Bystander. Two reasons are given: one that Copenhagen has a daily panic, and nothing so conduces to calm—you get used to panics; the other that Copenhagen is Europe's most unpolitical, *bourgeois*, pleasure-loving town, which, except that it hates the *Tyskerne* (Danish for *Deutsche*), cares nothing for the war at all. The panics are so numerous that Copenhagen gets a real fright only when it has none. When this Bystander arrived, excited citizens had the tale that "a whole German army is marching on Esbjerg to forestall a British landing," and next morn the Bystander learned that the rumour was spread by a peasant maid who had seen Prussian Landsturm in the frontier townlet Rodding, which, having a basket of butter to sell, she was let approach.

❋

A False Alarm

ON the evening of the wandering Bystander's arrival he made straight for the Long Line, a pleasant quay with trees, where Copenhagen's beauties (and some others) parade from eight to ten. Before he had got far past the Amalienborg palace there was a panic. Small boys ran into the middle of the square; there were two gun reports, and out flew the hated word "*Tysker!*" The Bystander rushed to the Long Line, expecting to see a German super-Dreadnought victoriously engaging the blue ferry boat. In a minute the tragedy was revealed. It was Copenhagen's "Baltic Week" devoted to yachting, and several yachts far too big to be tackled by German Dreadnoughts had crossed winning lines. That night there were no more panics; but next morning the story spread that Denmark's sale of her West Indian Isles was caused by "America's emphatic threat to seize them."

'Twixt the Neutrals

COPENHAGEN'S hotels are the calmest and most panicky things in the calm and panicky city. With one exception, they are run on the principles of Ulster, where a Unionist no more thinks of putting up at a Nationalist inn than he would of joining the Sinn Fein. Copenhagen's one "neutral" hotel is the Palace, an imposing red-brick house with a tower close to the imposing red-brick Town Hall with a tower, and next to the imposing red-brick Hotel Bristol with a tower. Copenhagen is the city of red-brick towers. Without knowing it, the Bystander put up at this only neutral hotel, and found himself sandwiched between a Briton who showed his neutrality by wearing a Union Jack and a very fat Pruss, who showed his by wearing a mustard-coloured suit. The rest of the hotel is chiefly made up of Unions Jacks and Germany's obtrusive red, white, and black.

❋

The Entente Hotel

COPENHAGEN'S most emphatic pro-*Entente* hotel was once the Angleterre. Naturally a hotel so named was British; and it is said that in August, 1914, Germans were asked to leave; but the *Gott der Deutschen*, watching the scales of justice, had the hotel burned down a year ago; and to-day it raises an unfinished grey plaster *façade* opposite the Opera. The proprietors have been advised to take in a few hostage Germans to prevent a fresh burning down. For fear of libel law, the Bystander will not say which hotels are emphatically German; but he knows one of considerable size where every single visitor is a German business man, press agent, or spy. Of course, no Danish hotel man is conceivably pro-German in sentiment, but Copenhagen holds 11,000 Germans; and business is business, and hotels must live.

❋

Just Like London

COPENHAGEN, despite (or because of) its panicky calm, is more like London than any Continental city. It is smoky; smuts fly into hotel rooms; the eighteenth century palaces are a decent black; and there are just the same kind of houses of yellow brick ingrained with dirt. Newsboys bawl news, and citizens have a serious, but easy, alive look which differentiates them from gay Parisians, stiff Stockholmers, and heavy Huns of Berlin.

❋

"Show Yourself a Democrat"

THE Tivoli is Copenhagen's crowning Londonism. The Tivoli is merely a reduced Earl's Court; but Earl's Court is (in Europe) a specific British entertainment; and to Germans, Swedes and all other strangers the Tivoli is a miracle. The principal attraction is the penny (10 öre) dancing platform. A distinguished member of the *Politiken's* staff took the Bystander there, assuring him that he must dance among the soldiers and very greasy grisettes—"it is the thing to-day; why J. C. Michelsen, leader of our left, Denmark's greatest man, himself danced there to show he was a democrat. And all for ten öre. Show yourself a democrat." The Bystander paid ten öre and, looking at the soldiers and grisettes, assured the *Politiken* gentleman that he preferred to remain an aristocrat.

❋

Identified at Last!

COPENHAGEN'S only unpleasant thing is that you are sure to be taken for a spy. All foreigners are watched as spies. Most deserve it. In the courtyard lounge of the Palace Hotel groups of earnest men sit, whispering. "Do you see the man with the black moustache? He spies for ——; the girl with the yellow hair—no, not the painted one—the one in blue—spies for ——. She has relations with. . . . And if you go down Bredgatan—the diplomatic quarter—you are sure to see that funny-looking old gentleman. He is ——'s cleverest spy. Everyone knows it."

"Why does he let people know it?" asked the Bystander, "if he's so clever?"

For three days the Bystander was followed by two—perhaps more—ill-dressed persons who thought he was a spy. They followed him to the Tivoli; but when they saw him decline to dance with the grisettes they left him in peace. They had concluded that he was too stupid to be a spy, and must be a Cabinet Minister.

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Long and the Short of It

PASSED BY CENSOR

UP LAST DRAFT: "I suppose you 'as to be careful 'ow you looks over the parapet about 'ere"
OUT SINCE MONS: "You needn't worry me lad, the rats are going to be your only trouble"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
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The Bystander in Paris

A HOSTEL FOR WAR-STRICKEN ARTISTS

"Serbians, Poles, and Russians"

Sometimes they are fivepenny dinners, and sometimes they cost the diners nothing at all, but twopence-halfpenny is the average price. And, since the war began, over a hundred and fifty-seven thousand meals—dinners and suppers, that is—have been served, which artists and sculptors and their models in Paris have eaten.

❋

L'Entr'aide Artistique Français is one of those quiet, unobtrusive, and unadvertised little jobs of which the Recording Angel in charge of France has had so many to note down with pen of gold on the mother-of-pearl sheets of his Register of Good since the war began. Among the first to suffer from the war were artists and their models. The Paris artist has never been ant-like. When the war came he had no store laid up on which to live, and how he has lived, and contrives to live at all, is often something of a mystery. So when the war began a little group of artists who were fairly comfortably off took steps to help the poorer among them and to help those who needed help more than the artists themselves, the artists' models. And the Entr'aide Artistique was started.

❋

By dint of hard begging, hard work and self-sacrifice, sufficient money was raised to start four canteens, two in the Latin Quarter at 26 Rue du Départ, and 125 Boulevard Montparnasse, respectively, one at 5 Place Pigalle, in Montmartre, and the fourth at 156 Avenue Malakoff, near the Bois du Boulogne. There is no rent. Each of the four canteens has its home in the studio of an artist or sculptor who has gone to the Front and has left it for the use of the others. All four are furnished in the most summary fashion, with long trestle tables covered with oilcloth, benches, and a chair or two, but each studio has a kitchen, and each studio has dozens of amateur cooks, for everybody who can do anything to help does it with a will, and the result has been to save numbers of people not only from starvation, which was a very real danger, but also from despair, which was a danger no less real. It is no easy matter to provide for two hundred and fifty meals a day or thereabouts at an average of twopence-halfpenny a meal, and it is interesting to see how simply and how readily the thing has been done.

❋

Of course, the Entr'aide is in constant need of funds. Each of the four little canteens runs independently under the supervision of artists, who take it in turns to look after the book-keeping and organise the provision department. It is all done in a most businesslike way, simplicity is the keynote, and the secret of it all is the hard work, unpaid devotion, and enthusiasm of everyone concerned.

❋

Two ladies take it in turn to do the daily marketing for each canteen. They go to the Halles at four every morning, buy what they must, and beg what they can. Occasionally one of the canteens gets a little windfall. Some of the Paris restaurants are kind to them. Every now and then, too, some of them get presents of money; occasionally cooking utensils come their way and plates and dishes, knives, forks, and spoons, and such slight gifts as salt and condiments are always gratefully received. The midday meal in each canteen is served sharp at twelve o'clock. At twelve o'clock every day, as the clock strikes, and again every afternoon at six, the commander-in-chief for the day of each canteen, or the "*Massier*," as they call him in the studio-slang, locks the studio door, and remains impervious to all pleas for admission. For the only possibility of adequate arrangement for these economical meals is the punctuality of all who share in them, and all must sit down together. But this is the one and only necessary rule.

❋

There are no other restrictions at all, except, of course, that all who profit by the work of the canteen must belong in one way or another to the great fraternity of the brush, the pen, or the pencil, and be recommended by a friend. Beyond this there are no restrictions whatever, and the company is as varied as the meals are.

❋

The guests are of all nationalities. Allied or neutral. There are a majority of French, of course, but many Serbians, Poles, Brazilians, Russians, Belgians,

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Sometimes they are fivepenny dinners"

Americans, and now and then an Englishman or English girl or two, though most of these have managed to get home. And there are children now and then as well—models or artists' children. Everybody sits down together, and nobody except the *Massier* knows who pays for a meal or who does not. There is butcher's meat on an average three or even four times a week. The meals are always plentiful. Each guest is served with a small quantity of wine, and the daintiness of the cooking is altogether wonderful when it is remembered that all the cooks are amateurs. Everybody, of course, takes turn and turn about, according to the time they can devote to it, to peel potatoes and prepare the other food, to keep the fires up, to wait at table, to do provisioning, and wash up afterwards. There is no time limit when a meal is over, and all who care to do so are welcome to use the canteen rooms as club-rooms. Tobacco is common property. The canteen does not provide it, but whoever can afford it brings it in, and as soon as the meal is over cigarettes help with the washing-up.

THE principal charm of the whole thing is its friendliness, its intimacy, and the total lack of anything at all like pauperisation. Among the daily guests are many well-known artists and their wives, and each canteen forms a little family party, for many members of the committee make a point of personal attendance, as well as gifts in money or in kind, and, after two years of war, there are so many well-known artists who are poor in Paris that poverty is no slur whatsoever.

HOW some of these people live at all is marvellous. I can, of course, give no names, but to right and left of me at dinner in one of the four canteens to-day sat two ladies who have lived and dressed themselves for twenty-four months on incomes which have very rarely exceeded tenpence a day, and one of them has managed to keep an invalid sister alive and buy medicine as well on the money. The moving spirit of the Entr'aide Artistique Français is Monsieur Henri Dabadie, 68 Rue D'Assas, Paris. If you have any spare guineas send him a little cheque from time to time, and ask your friends to do so too. If you know of any paid work artists can do, write and tell him about it. There is a great deal of cleverness among the plucky little crowd at the Entr'aide Artistique Français, and there are no drones. They have no money to spend on advertising. Whatever they can collect is spent on food, and every shilling which you send them means another nail in the coffin of that enemy of civilisation, which is Germany. For every shilling sent them means three or four hearty meals, and every meal means added cheerfulness.

THEIR cheerfulness is wonderful, and gives one a gulp in the throat when one thinks of it. For the artists of Paris, in the teeth of almost unconquerable difficulties, are emphatically carrying on. They, too, are soldiers of the Allies.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"The guests are of all nationalities, allied or neutral"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR POETS AND PREACHERS?

GRAVE SHORTAGE IN THE SPIRITUAL MUNITIONS OF WAR

Now and again the *Times* prints the versifying efforts of persons who prefer to write their nonsense in rhyme. The rhyme is usually inferior, but the nonsense is seldom lacking. Obviously the *Times* is anxious to give uncontestable proof that British poesy is dead. I scent a stunt in this. Something very horrible is likely soon to befall us. We shall have a leader or two demanding a Select Committee to inquire into a ruined industry. For all I know, the leaders may be written in verse as a spur to high endeavour, and then we shall be bidden to bow—at so much a time—before the bards of Printing House Square.

⁂ ⁂

As a matter of fact, British poetry is up to its usual standard. We are never without rhymesters but we seldom find a poet. We nearly always starve them, and simply do not deserve them. And should a poet come who was honest and told us exactly what he thought of us—if even he escaped a stoning he would surely be fined under the Defence of the Realm Act or jailed by someone who could not be expected to know better. Poets, you know, have a trick of asking really awkward questions. Just now, no one must do more than murmur "Isn't everything splendid?" No one could write a great poem on that for the simple reason that he would not himself believe it. The death and wounds of young men may come from acts of splendour, but in themselves they are damnable and nothing else. Your poet feels this, and is honestly dumb.

⁂ ⁂

This is, perhaps, why we as yet have had no poem of the war. This is why the sublime heroism is unrecorded in verse. The Mons Angels—I am sure of it—were a fanciful invention to supply an acutely felt want. Indeed, for lack of poetry we have had a stream of legends. Your tyro, when he feels a craving for fancy, can only lie. But the soul of poetry is truth. That is why Shakespeare's Sonnets leave some folk green with envy.

⁂ ⁂

The Preachers are, however, in a worse case. Unlike the Poets, they cannot lie low. Twice every Sunday it is their task to tell us exactly what they are thinking. It is their work to regulate us so that we may keep correct time until they get at us the following week. The *Times* does not report sermons. It would be pitiful if it did. I believe, indeed, that everyone is exceedingly kind about these utterances, and if they are actually listened to they are usually forgotten during the collection and never referred to in any serious way after.

⁂ ⁂

Please do not think I am ungrateful for the many fine characters in our Churches. I am not. There is less learning and culture than there used to be, but there is still some. But why is it that the Preachers as a whole have so lamentably failed to be of help in the war? That it is so must admittedly be beyond question. No one who casts his mind back over the months can dispute it. There was the reluctance to give national service. Had the Churches through the years taught citizen duty we should have been spared much humiliation. There was the industrial revolt of war-workers—a very sordid affair, reflecting most unfavourably on their Christian up-bringing. There was, and still is, licentious luxury both in the West End and amongst the toilers. Surely the sons and daughters of the Churches are shamefully out of hand! Why Messrs. Bottomley and Ben Tillett, of all persons, have jumped their claim! These twain are the acknowledged spiritual leaders of the nation, and in fairness they should toss up for Canterbury, though personally I should prefer they went to ——?

⁂ ⁂

I am very anxious to be scrupulously fair. The position of the Churches has been a very difficult one. Indeed, by the very outbreak of war itself they were, in a way, put out of court. When one half of a Christian world sets forth to destroy the other half—equally Christian—the resulting situation is, to say the least, trying—particularly so when the Christ of both sides has been proclaimed through the centuries as the Prince of Peace. I repeat the position is awkward. Sunday schools are converted into a Sandhurst, with a gunnery course at Hythe thrown in. Frankly, blood looks nasty on a surplice, and terribly out of place. It sets one wondering and, sooner or later, thinking. One feels that if the Churches had really taught Peace for long centuries we should not have had war. The outcome inevitably shatters confidence—now, doesn't it?

⁂ ⁂

I gather that, roughly, there are two schools of religious preachers. There are those who preach the Gospel and stick to it; and there are those once very popular preachers who dilate on the facts of life and fashionable events and so on turning to the Bible for little more than a striking text. The old Gospel school are the only teachers who count to-day. And they are preaching just the same sermons they gave before the war. The frothy rhetoricians have raised a storm that has broken them. The facts of life just now are very splendid in their way, but slightly pagan. When Christian slays Christian he may get the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross, according to his race, but however splendid his deed the fact that there is a Christian the less is not very helpful to the Churches.

⁂ ⁂

But I have forgotten. Some of these great and good men are really very busy. They are sweeping clean our music-halls. They are side-tracking with widely advertised side-shows of that sort. How heroic of them! Really, how finely they are helping to end the war! Still there are two little things that they might yet do. Why pursue the women who are in the halls and ignore the squadrons who infest every camp? Why not fearlessly demand that this terrible question should be solved firmly, sanely, and at once—as other Christian countries tackle it? For'ard On

War-Time in the Country

LIFE AT THE BACK IN SILHOUETTE

(1) "BRITISH OFFICIAL" (2) "ON THE LAND" (3) "KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

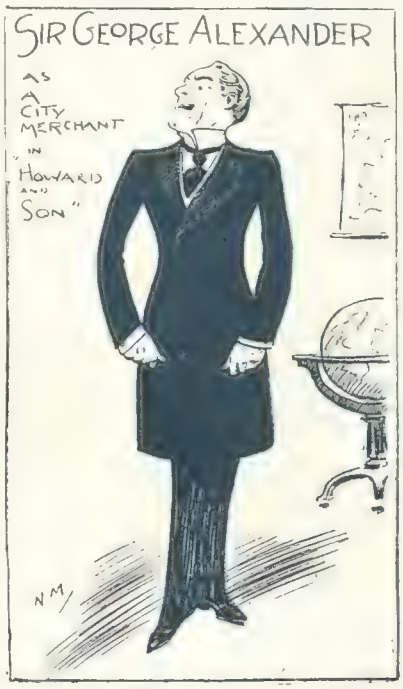
The London Coliseum

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE London Coliseum appears to be a most successful enterprise. It supplies just that quiet, uneventful form of entertainment that is so popular among the great middle-class; and, above all, it is intensely Respectable. Indeed, as I walked to my seat I turned several times to assure myself that Mr. Morrow was still behind me, as I quite expected every minute that some severely correct person in uniform would tap him on the shoulder and suggest politely that he was, perhaps, a little out of place in that rarified atmosphere of gentleness and virtue. However, the lad got to his seat, which by an oversight of the management had been placed next to my own, and then the performance opened with a little of Verdi's music, which at once aroused the audience to a proper pitch of enthusiasm.

❋

THE star turn of the evening was, of course, that of Sir George Alexander in the new and original play in one act, entitled *Howard & Son*. Sir Anthony Howard is the head of a fine old and crusted firm, which, it appears, has been badly hit by the hard times of the moment; and then on the top of all the trouble comes the news that another firm which owes Howards the trifle of one hundred thousand pounds has just closed its doors. It is then that Mr. George Biggin comes upon the scene. He is described as a "financial agent," a term that, like charity, covers a multitude of sins in these days; and he has a very simple business proposition to make. He is shipping a cargo of steel castings to Sweden, a perfectly innocent and legitimate industry at all times. But there are so many difficulties in the way of small shippers during war-time, and all Mr. Biggin asks is that Howards will be so obliging as to endorse his manifest. Their reputation stands so high, that the authorities will at once remove many of the difficulties against which the simple and child-like Mr. Biggin has to contend. Mr. Biggin is quite prepared to pay for favours received. He is willing in short, to put down the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds if Howards will meet him. When Sir Anthony comes to look into the matter, however, he discovers that the steel castings are merely covers for supplies of copper, the ultimate destination of which is—Germany! Even with this knowledge, Sir Anthony, in his sharp financial straits, actually considers the proposition. His son, who is lying seriously wounded at a Base Hospital, must not come home to find the old firm on the retired list; and Mr. Biggin plays on this note strenuously. Sir Anthony is just about to commit the infamy of endorsing the manifest when news comes suddenly that his son is—dead. There is, therefore, now no inducement for trading with the enemy.

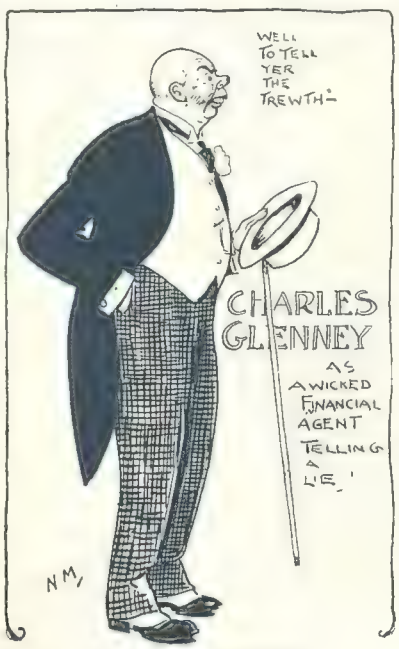


SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER
As Sir Anthony Howard

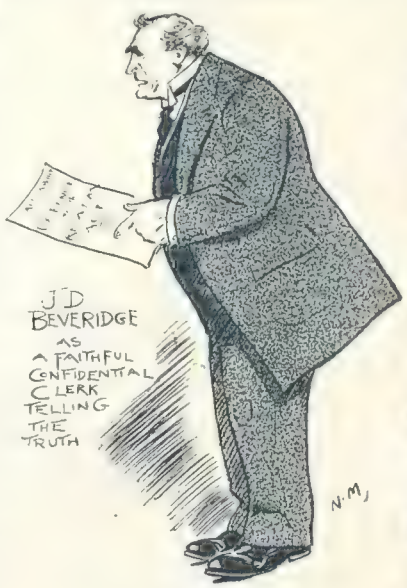
❋

THE merit of the piece lies chiefly in the acting. Sir George Alexander is quite convincing as the head of the firm, and he is well supported by that graceful actor,

(Continued on page 376)



CHARLES GLENNEY
As a financial agent



J. D. BEVERIDGE
As a confidential clerk

Before Assuming the "Bohemian" Crown

(At Daly's)

MISS JOSÉ COLLINS USED TO SPEND HAPPY DAYS IN CUBA

Miss José Collins, the daughter of Lottie Collins, and now the "bright particular star" at Daly's in "The Happy Day," is not a Spaniard; but she has Spanish temperament. Our photograph depicts her driving an ox-cart in Cuba, where she has spent former "happy days"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 374)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR

Mr. J. D. Beveridge. Mr. Glenney, as the financial crook, positively gave a touch of genius to his work, with his fine distinctions between the "truth," the "real truth," and the "honest truth." It is a most remarkable performance in every way. As for the play itself, I should venture to doubt whether the theme of it is quite fair game, especially from the point of view of those who have sons "out there." It impressed me as being a rather misguided attempt to take advantage of the exceptional tension of the hour, and that is not very sound art.

❀

A far brighter picture of the war was the sketch entitled "In the Trenches." Here we are shown—as we ought to be shown when we go to a place of entertainment—the bright side that belongs even to war. We do not need to think up tragedies of our own while the war is here to overfill the bill for us in that direction. The leading humorist of the production is Mr. Leslie Henson, who as Private Higgins is a most amusing "Tommy" of the Bairnsfather type. As nearly as it is possible for an outsider to judge, life in the trenches is reproduced here with a most happy fidelity. There is the little game of cards (contrary to regulations); and there is the usual personal difference, culminating in a threat of fisticuffs (also very much contrary to regulations). Then there is the arrival of the postman with the usual letter from "her," and there is the "sporty" officer who compels a private to pay up a debt of honour incurred, and then reimburses him surreptitiously as if by accident. One of the "boys" gets no letter from the postman.

RE-APPEARANCE OF "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

Therefore Private Higgins, in the fulness of his own happiness, reads to his forlorn comrade a few of the choicer tit-bits from the letter he has just received from his own dear "Emma." It is all good homely fun; and the little song of "Blighty," with its gentle touch of characteristic profanity, is quite a gem.

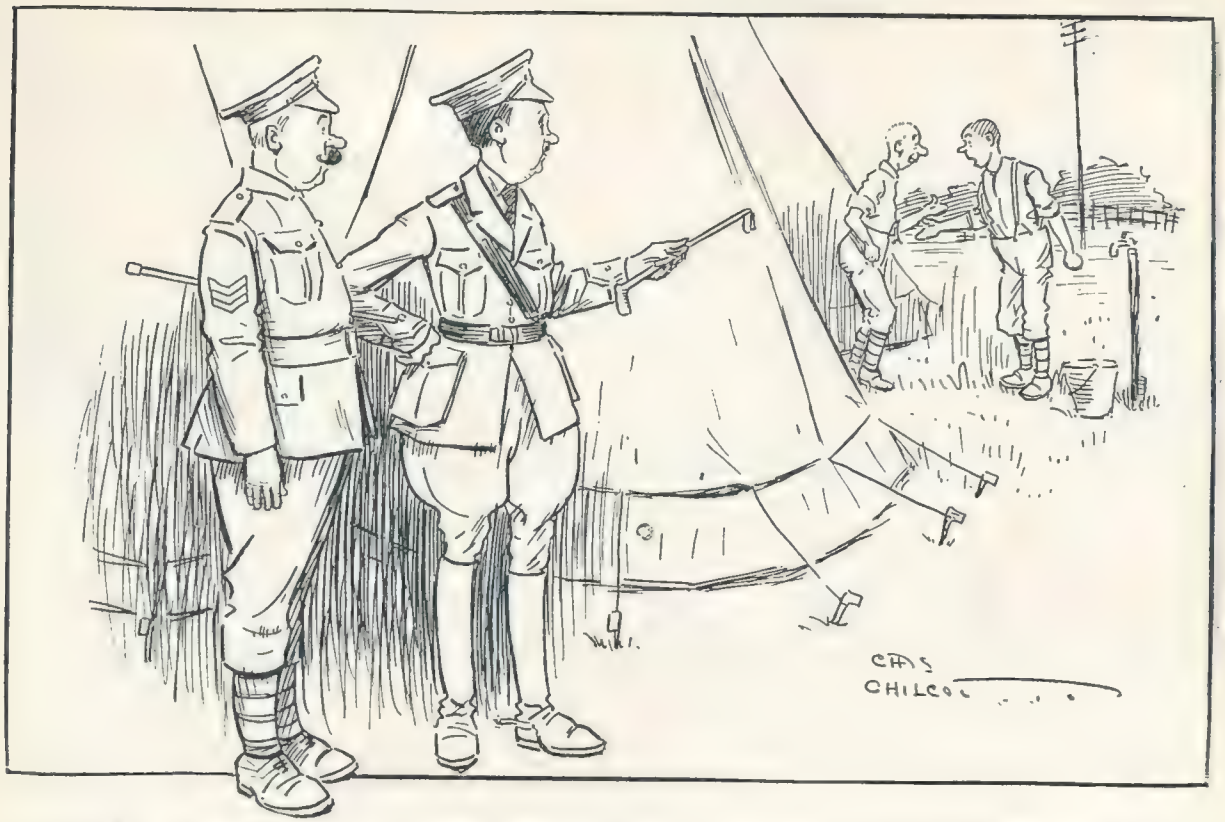
❀

Miss Loie Fuller's School of Dancers made a great hit, though, as those familiar with this lady's methods will expect, quite as much attention is paid to draperies as to dancing. The efforts of the magic-lantern operator to crowd an infinite variety of colours upon the silken sheet representing the Great Opal were most successful, and were quite interesting besides; but I am not quite sure that this entertainment comes under the head of dancing. Such dancing as we had, however, was very pleasing, and the liberal applause in the house testified to the general satisfaction it had given. Another popular turn was that of Mr. Jack Norworth, who gave us his new song, entitled "His First Day Home on Leave." This is a delightful piece of nonsense founded on the experiences of the men home from the trenches. I liked the yarn of the man who had figured for months how comfortable he would be in a feather bed, and who found, on arriving home, that it was impossible to sleep in such super-comfort. He complained that the bed tickled him. He was obliged therefore, to make himself a dug-out in the garden. But here, again, the peaceful silence of the English night kept him awake; and sleep only became possible when his aged mother came and sat beside him, drumming on a tea-tray at intervals to imitate the distant booming of the guns. Mr. Norworth is a singer of unusually agreeable method, and he has his native American faculty of being able to sing nonsense as if it were the most serious thing in the world. The programme at the Coliseum is always a liberal one, and it is not possible to do full justice to it in a limited space; but I have probably given a hint of the various delights that its patrons may expect.

JINGLE

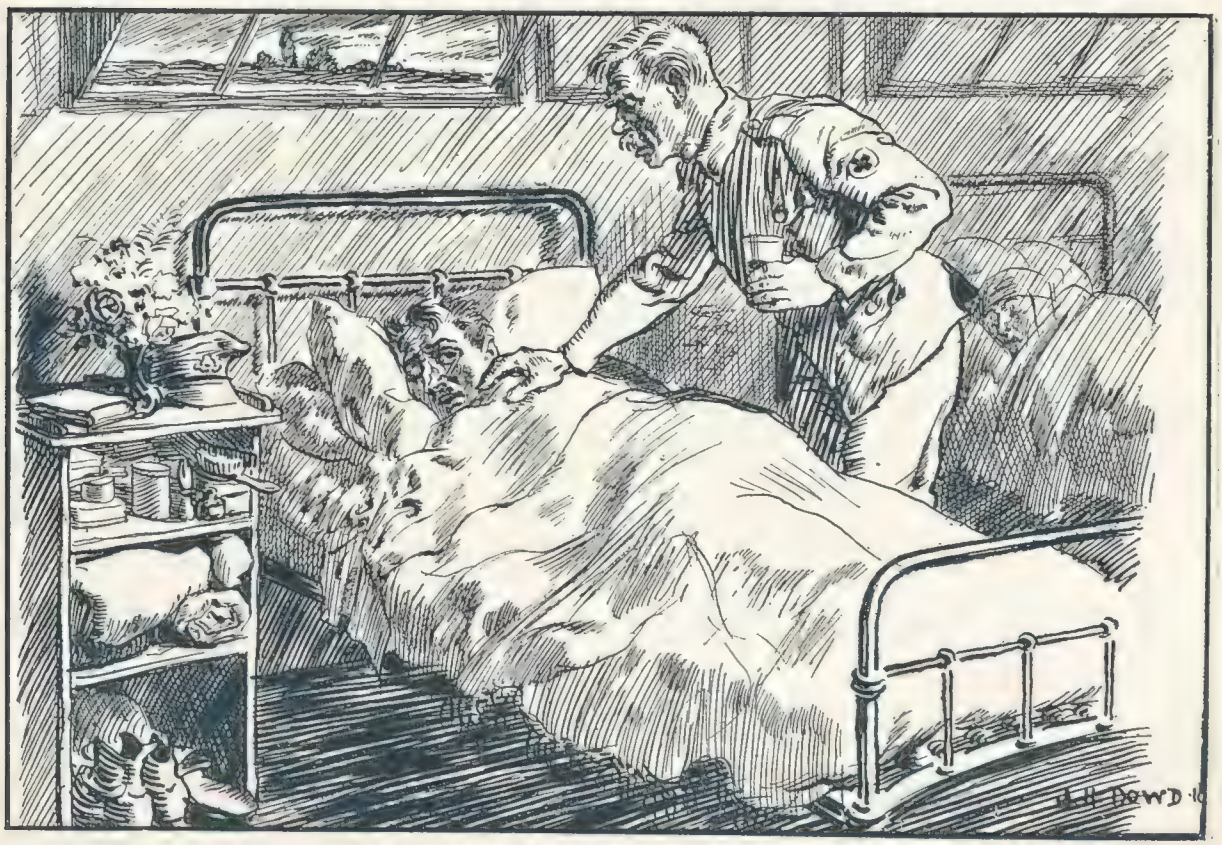
LOIE FULLER'S SCHOOL OF DANCERS

Matter Out of Place



OFFICER: "Sergeant, stop those two men quarrelling. We don't want any of these beastly fighting men heah!"

Ireland to the Fore



HIBERNIAN HOSPITAL ORDERLY (*to patient*): "Wake up! Wake up!! and take your sleeping draught!"

The Vision Feminine

"Of all captious people in the matter of weather the average Briton, male or female, is the worst"

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke.*

An Englishman's Privilege

Of all captious people in the matter of weather, the average Briton, male or female, is the worst. The disposition to grouse is a thoroughly British characteristic. This was impressed upon me at an early age by an apoplectic gentleman of the John Bull type, who, accompanied by his wife, was taking a holiday in Norway. He complained of everything: the food, the scenery, the accommodation, and most of all of the singular inability displayed by the inhabitants to understand his best Norse pronounced with the classic accent of Stratford-atte-Bow. Finally, when his wife plucked up enough courage to remonstrate, he turned upon her with a growl: "My dear, it is an Englishman's privilege to grumble."

❀ ❀

Age Cannot Wither—

Certainly that privilege is not likely to die away for want of exercise. Everything in general, and the weather in particular, provides a peg on which to hang a grumble. You would think that in the course of centuries the Briton would have become so accustomed to his climate as to take it for granted, but no: every change of weather produces in him a state of aggrieved surprise, as if nothing of the sort could possibly have been expected. The climate of no one particular place ever quite meets his fancy; it is either too bracing or not bracing enough. The inhabitants of no other country show such fastidiousness; for some reason, they seem able to preserve both energy and equanimity in spite of a relaxing air.

"No, gentle reader, one petticoat is not enough"

❀ ❀

British Logic

When it rains, snows, or fogs we are miserable—at least, we say so, though what we would do without the "beastly weather" as a subject of conversation I cannot imagine. When it is cold we long for a really hot climate, we talk yearningly of Italy and Egypt and India, but let the sun come out and the mercury rise above 70 degrees, and we begin to mop our brows and complain bitterly of the heat. Illogical, of course, but is not the Briton superior to so silly a thing as logic? Besides, if we refrained from grumbling people might think that we were satisfied for once, and that would never do—our most cherished privilege might fall into abeyance, we might, so to speak, lose the right of way. And how on earth should we open a conversation?

❀ ❀

Muslins and Pneumonia

In the face of repeated discouragement we persist in maintaining the fiction of the English summer. Year by year we provide ourselves with a collection of thin frocks, knowing full well that in all probability they will never see daylight unless supplemented by furs and a heavy coat. Last year the occasions on which we could air our muslins were few and far

(*Continued on page 380*)

In Canada

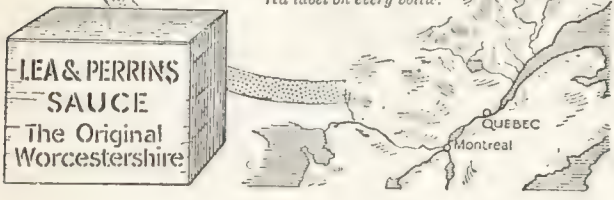
as in every other part of the British Empire, Lea & Perrins' Sauce continues to grow in favour because of its unique flavour and unequalled QUALITY.

With meat, fish, soup, stews, cheese, salads, &c., Lea & Perrins' is the Sauce, *par excellence*. It ensures enjoyable meals at all times and is very economical in use.

Observe the signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in white across the red label on every bottle.



Distinctive Men's Wear.

The man who is careful in his choice of day and night wear—who desires to both look his best and feel his best—is the man who eventually adopts

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas.

"We got them at the same time why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

They possess refined appearance, will not shrink, are healthy, comfortable and exceedingly durable—are, in fact, characterised by perfection at every point. Obtainable ready-to-wear, or made to measure.

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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We are featuring a number of new designs in that most practical garment—the Coat-Frock; they are all distinctive and becoming — though plain—and some are trimmed with Fur like the one we picture.

R.S. "ANGUS"

Charming Model Coat-Frock in Cord Velveteen, with stand-up collar of good quality Fur and cuffs to match. In blue, mole, purple, brown and green.

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Y 710.—**Very Smart VANITY and CIGARETTE CASE** for lady in **Solid Gold**, exact size of illustration, Gold Chain and Finger Ring, only **£7 19s. 6d.**

THE VISION FEMININE (*concluded from page 378*)

between—unless we were prepared to court pneumonia and chilblains. I suppose that accounts for the plethora of new frocks this year. Whether last summer's icicles ruined our cobwebby attire or whether

"Though what we should do without the beastly weather as a subject of conversation—"

in despair we kept to tweeds and flannels, the fact remains that hardly a single frock I have seen this season bears the stamp of an earlier vintage.

❋ ❋

Midsummer Madness

I HAVE heard it said that hot weather breeds recklessness, a sort of temperamental fury. If that be true, the *really* fine weather we have, in spite of grumbles, been enjoying will more than account for extravagance in the matter of dress. It is an almost impossible feat for any woman endowed with the instinct of coquetry to affront the sunlight, garbed in the faded remnants of yester-year. Anyway, there does not seem to be much competition in that line—certainly not enough to be noticeable.

❋ ❋

The X Ray

THE one stronghold left to economy appears to be in the domain of underclothes. No, gentle reader, one petticoat, especially if it be a mere nothing of lace and batiste, is not enough—unless one persistently keeps to the shady side of the street, and even the sturdiest gingham seen against the blazing sun will outrival in its revelations the most awesome effects of the X Ray. There are strange sights to be seen on one's walks abroad . . . and they are not only confined to transparencies. Whence, for instance, comes the mania for wearing high patent-leather boots, laced on the inside, with a muslin frock? To begin with, the inside lacing is becoming to about one foot out of a thousand; secondly, patent leather may be cool and comfortable on a hot day, but it does not look it. The whole end and aim of summer clothing should be to produce an effect of ease and coolness. Perhaps the devotees of the boot wish to convey the impression that when one of them sets her foot down nothing will move her determination or else—well, one does think of booted and spurred readiness to pursue the fleeing prey. But let us not be uncharitable.

❋ ❋

The Spirit of the Chase

NOT but what the hunting instinct is, I suppose, a respectable one; at least, it claims recognition. This year, of course, the quarry is restricted. Indeed, it seems to consist principally of woundeds, for civilians are vanishing rapidly from the face of the earth, and home-on-leaves are remarkable chiefly for their non-existence. It may be that the true explanation of so many new frocks lies in the increasing arduousness of the chase. Something must be done to attract the attention and dazzle the eyes of the prey, particularly when competition is so keen. Naturalists tells us that birds assume their brightest plumage to attract a mate; what else could account for the prevalence of rainbow coloured sweaters? A gay and pretty fashion, by-the-bye, and very becoming to English women. People cannot be hard-up, in spite of taxation and the increasing cost of living, for every female one sees wears a sweater—not the modest woollen one of by-gone years by any means, but silk or a mercerised and relatively expensive imitation. Ministers may cry "Economy! Economy!" but where is it?

"Something must be done to attract the attention and dazzle the eyes of the prey"

❋ ❋

The Kaiser To Blame?

HOWEVER, as I have said before, the weather is chiefly responsible. If the Cabinet had really wanted us to be economical they should have arranged for a cold, wet summer—the usual thing, in fact; and we should have been spared the irresistible temptation to renew our wardrobes. Really, it almost looks as though the Kaiser had more influence with the Higher Powers than we credit him with—or do temptations come exclusively from Below? Of course, by the time this appears in print we may be muffled up to our noses in furs and shivering round a fire. That is the natural course of events; the variety we expect of our weather, and if we were to be deprived of a legitimate excuse for grumbling we should be of all men most miserable. We have a *pot pourri* of a climate—and we should hate anything else. EFEMERA

Born 1820
—still going strong.

"Everything comes to him who waits."

"That may be, but I'm not going to wait any longer for my drop of 'Johnnie Walker'—ring the bell."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

MUSICAL NOTES

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND "SINGING"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has always been the Proteus (*vide* Classical Dictionary!) of the Cabinet. But I confess I have never liked him so much in any shape as in that of War Minister with a passion for song. Indeed, I am sure it must be the first time in the history of England, or even of Wales, that a War Minister has addressed an Eisteddfod on the value of singing and the beauty of Welsh folk-songs. An admirable precedent, however, and worthy to be followed. In artistic gatherings Cabinet Ministers are usually remarkable by their absence. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George is going to break the tradition.

AND not only was the War Minister there—a great thing in itself—but he talked sense. It was high time some public man pointed out the importance of not letting the war overwhelm all our interests. And when Mr. George insisted on the value of singing amid the material preoccupations of the present time he spoke a very true word. Indeed, if we may do him the honour of a comparison with Plato and presume that he meant by "singing" very much what the Greek philosopher meant by "music"—and I believe he did—we may not unreasonably hail him as something more than a mere politician on the talk!

ONE of the tragedies of war is the manner in which the higher interests of life are swallowed up in the lower. It has, owing to the sheer magnitude of the war, been particularly true at the present time. And I do think that people with genuine artistic and intellectual gifts occasionally need reminding that to preserve and develop them is really to the public interest. It is so easy, so natural, to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment and feel that one must do some work directly connected with the war. Yet, unless one has some especial knowledge like a mastery of nursing or of foreign languages, I doubt whether it is not preferable to stick to one's own job and do it well rather than flounder (amateurishly) about at canteens and sewing-parties.

AFTER all, the artists are few in numbers, but great in influence. It is up to them to keep at least the embers of civilisation alight so that the end of the war shall not find the community without a fire of any kind. Some people have, I believe, commented on the asperity shown by the Musical Bystander towards silly charity performances. Such asperity as there was merely rose from a consciousness of the importance of the above point. Waste is always waste, and waste of valuable and rare material is damnable waste. The singer is only a unit, and not a very important unit, in the select army of scientists, painters, authors, and musicians that we lump together under the term of "artist"—but in such a tiny army every man is irreplaceable. Would Leonidas at Thermopylæ have viewed with equanimity the loss of the least of his Spartans?

FRANCIS TOYE

"*Somewhere on Leave*"

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley, visualise the lighter side of a drab war. Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

MUFTI

IT is really somewhat Gilbertian that at the present moment the House of Pope and Bradley is selling mufti suits at prices which are considerably below the current market cost of production. This is not done entirely in the spirit of altruism, but by reason of the House being probably the largest buyer of the exclusive West End tailors, and having anticipated the phenomenal rise of 80 per cent. in woollen fabrics.

It is sound economy, therefore, to replenish one's wardrobe now, instead of waiting, according to the doctrine of the National Organising Committee, until necessity compels.

The mufti styles of the House are by H. Dennis Bradley, and the minimum prices at present are, for Lounge Suits 5 guineas, for Dress Suits 7 guineas, and for Overcoats 5 guineas.

OFFICERS' KIT

THE great bulk of Pope and Bradley's business is naval and military, and the same arguments are applicable. With the great demand for war materials nothing is simpler than for unscrupulous producers to inflate prices and make large profits. But excessive profits in war-time savour of blood money, and the controlling policy of the House is to keep a clean name.

The minimum prices for Service Kit are, for Service Jackets £3 13s. 6d., for Slacks £1 10s., for Bedford Cord Breeches £2 12s. 6d., for British Warms £3 15s., Naval Superfine D.B. Jacket £4 4s., Vest £1 1s., Trousers £1 18s., Blue Naval Warm Coat, £5 5s.

A New book of Service and Mufti requirements, compiled by H. Dennis Bradley, will be sent upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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The Union Jack Club Extension

All interested in the welfare of our Sailors and Soldiers should read this powerful statement on behalf of the Union Jack Club, by Hilaire Belloc and A. H. Pollen

The extension of the Union Jack Club before the war was so imperative that a site was secured and the plans designed. Since the war the need for extension has become overwhelming. The Club is entirely self-supporting, but the building must be provided.

If one had set out, two years ago, to make reality of plans for the enlargement of such a place as the Union Jack Club, the movement would have met with sympathy and would have been accorded help by a certain class, who through contact with naval and military matters had come to realise the needs of the British Navy and Army. At that time these two forces were things apart from the ordinary life of the nation—the Army especially so, since every citizen had a part in the Navy, and had consciousness of the fact that it stood between himself and many possible dangers, while the Army was regarded as a rather vague accessory to Naval power, a small second line, little likely to be called on—something that had its own organisation, its own ways of life, and its own resources and means.

These last two years, however, have made the Army not merely a part of the nation, but a vital factor in the whole of national life. There is in the country hardly a household that is not cognizant of the limitations of a soldier's pay and resources, and the fact that his service is not—bearing in mind the nature of that service—compensated on a scale relatively equal to any form of civilian employ. In the relative sense, the workman engaged in building, in transport work, or in any form of commercial activity, is far better remunerated than the soldier; actually, this work which involves great sacrifices, and often the greatest sacrifice of all, can never be compensated fully, and the fact that the British Army is among the best-paid in the world does not alter the far more important fact that it is the duty of the nation to see that *all* the needs of its defensive forces are fully met.

The value of such a place as the Union Jack Club in the case of naval men cannot be over-estimated, for though the Army has been blent in to become one with the nation, the Navy is, and always must remain, a thing apart, by the nature of the service which its members are called on to perform. Returning home after long absence at sea these men are unfamiliar with routes and ways on land, and a haven of which they may be certain, easy of access, and providing such hospitality as fits their needs, is a necessity which must not, in their best interests, be denied them. Theirs, in this respect, is the greater need, as in the interests of the Empire theirs is in the long run the greater task. Such an establishment as the Union Jack Club, dependent as it is (apart from such constructional extension as may be made) on the revenue derived from those who make use of it, could never be extended in its use unless voluntary assistance is rendered. The original plan of the Club was based on the requirements of the British Navy and Army of two or three years ago; and both military and naval requirements of to-day have increased fifty-fold beyond what the Club is capable of fulfilling. It is the duty of the nation, as it should be the pleasure of the nation, to see that this increase of requirements is met by such enlargement as the Committee of the Club asks.

There are dangers—they have been described times out of number—in turning loose in London such men as compose our fighting forces, leaving them to find their own way to shelter and the common necessities of life when apart from their units. The Union Jack Club averts those dangers, obviates them, in that it forms a hostelry where all needs can be met, adequately, reasonably, and cleanly. Night after night, with the immense increase in the demand on its accommodation, it is filled to the uttermost limit, and men are perforce turned away for lack of room—the best young-manhood of the nation is turned loose in London, often with not even elementary knowledge of what London may contain.

In this sense the Club stands for the safeguarding of the manhood of the nation, and for this alone, apart from any considerations of humanity or benevolence, it is a national duty to see that the present appeal for funds for enlargement of accommodation, and facilities for increased usefulness, shall be answered fully and unhesitatingly by those whom the Navy and Army protect.

HILAIRE BELLOC.
A. H. POLLEN.

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The Extension Fund

of the

UNION JACK CLUB

The Club with

5 Million Members.

The Greatest of all Personal and National Memorials to our Heroic Sailors and Soldiers.

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Secretary to Council and Comptroller of Club:
Major H. F. WILKINSON.

Send any sum from 1/- to £1,000 to G. J. Marjoribanks, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.

H. E. MORGAN,
Hon. Organiser.

Books of the Week

"THE MONUMENT" AND "FORKED LIGHTNING"

A Very Old Theme—

It is rather a pity that Mr. Tilk Tattenham should have chosen such an old theme upon which to base his first novel. Yet *The Monument* (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.) is one of those stories which will repay reading. When in the course of the first few chapters you make the acquaintance of young Paul Whitehead, the dreamiest of democrats, and discover that he is quite out of touch with his father and eldest brother, who are partners in a gigantic factory of cheap and sweated goods, you know more or less what to expect. Paul, indeed, is driven from the gorgeous mansion which his father has built, and, accompanied by one of the parental footmen, exiles himself to "the other side of the river," there to starve on fourteen shillings a week and to work in his father's yards. And at a later date, of course, he leads a successful strike. Later still he sets up an opposition factory in the correct William Morris style. And finally he is accidentally killed by one of those unpleasant people who, in peace-times, at any rate, used to make a living by telling other people who worked harder than they did themselves how badly off they really were.

—But an Interesting Book

The theme, in fact, is as old as the hills. Even the characters, with a possible exception in the case of the ex-footman, are hoary. And yet Mr. Tattenham is so obviously sincere that you cannot help being interested in his work. Paul may be rather too perfect even for a hero, but there will doubtless be plenty of readers who will enjoy hearing all about him. But surely it should not be difficult for Mr. Tattenham to find other themes, altogether new themes, for his novels. We will hope so, for he can undoubtedly write.

The Play-Novel

Plays make good reading. Plays turned into novels don't. Mr. Keble Howard seems to be aware of this fact, because his *Forked Lightning* (Lane: 6*s*.), which is a "novelisation" (what a word!) of his play, *The Green Flag*, is full of veiled apologies addressed to his "enemy the critic" as opposed to his "friend the reader." Yet it must be admitted that the novelisation has been carried out so delicately that *Forked Lightning* is much more of a play than a novel. The three parts of the book correspond to the three acts of the play. And you may easily fancy such of the book as is not actual dialogue as being cheery stage-directions and quite allowable little jokes at the expense of the wretched critic. Indeed, there is no reason why, when a second edition is required, Mr. Keble Howard should not order (with Mr. Lane's permission) the printer to set up the solider paragraphs in italics, so as to conform with our modern ideas on the printing of plays. But you can read it through in its present form with considerable pleasure. R. S.

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Motoring Affairs

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

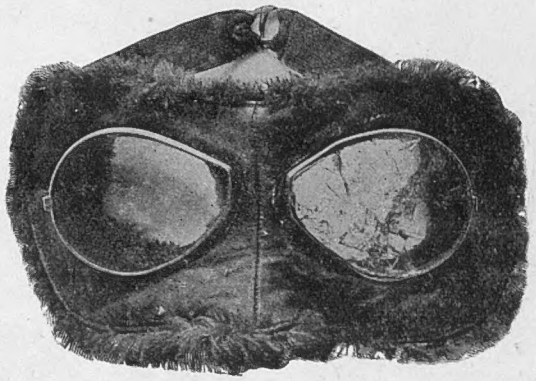
Substitutes

CONSIDER the petrol substitutes how they multiply. There are about a dozen of them, all designed to remedy the sore cost and shortage of the original essence. Their natures are various, ranging from coal-dust to paraffin. Now the Lord forbid I should sit in unfair judgment upon any of them, or say ought to hinder the development of any; but I cannot disguise from myself a sense of distrust of most of them. Frankly, for me and my car, there is going to be no petrol substitute apart from a maximum one-third of paraffin until I am more satisfied than at present that the substitutes are not going to be more harmful than helpful.

* * *

Paraffin

I HAVE no reason to doubt the efficiency of, for example, the paraffin carburettors on the market, particularly when backed, as one of them is, by the house of Smith (doubtless among the most reliable accessory firms in this or any other country); but to fit a paraffin carburettor may not always be convenient or desirable. Moreover, any large demand for paraffin is pretty sure to send the price soaring. Paraffin and petrol have the same origin and are controlled by the same people; and we can be very sure that these people are not going to feel a draught in the petrol department without balancing up in the paraffin department.



THE SIGHT SAVERS

The Triplex Glass Goggles (referred to in last issue) which saved the sight and probably the life of the R.N. Flight-Sub. whose machine came to earth nose on, and overturned

* * *

Hanging On

NO. On the whole, and pending the development of benzol or alcohol as a fuel, I shall hang on to petrol as long as the purse will stand it, and to the extent the Petrol Committee will allow If, in the meantime, the Anglo bring out the fuel at about 1*s.* 3*d.* which I am told is in the air, I shall feel disposed to test it for all it is worth.

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